

whom the achievements might well have been different—in all likelihood, at least greatly lessened. He was the strong gentle wind that set the climate of the Senate. He was the essential chemistry of that Body. I say that as one who observed the entire process closely from the wings.

During the months of daily backroom negotiations on the Voting Rights Act in 1965, a disgruntled Chief of Staff for a Midwestern Democrat complained about holding the daily meetings in Everett Dirksen's office, with the press conference right outside every day at 4 p.m. Everett Dirksen was given center stage by the Boss, who was content to simply stand there and second Dirksen's loquacious progress report. The Chief of Staff pleaded to have at least half the meetings in the Majority Leader's office and hold the press conferences there so the office nameplate of the Majority Leader would stamp the photos and TV coverage of the day. I thought this a perfectly reasonable request and brought it to the Boss, whose response was "Charlie, last year the Republican Party drifted far from the mainstream during the Presidential election. If the public can see the Republican Leader each day reporting on the progress of what will hopefully be the most significant civil rights legislation ever, it will be very beneficial for the country to grasp that this bill was being drafted by both parties, even in an overwhelmingly Democratic Congress." And so it was; and for me, another lesson in perspective, in wisdom.

Mike Mansfield's fairness was never questioned on either side of the aisle. I recall a freshman Senator with an important amendment—important to him politically and to his state almost exclusively—that he had already announced he would offer to a pending bill. But with some swift parliamentary gymnastics, the managers raced the bill to final passage. The freshman Senator had been left high and dry and certain to be embarrassed back home. Mike was not on the Senate Floor for the parliamentary sleight of hand but, once summoned, he exhibited with few words and mostly by a stern look his sense of outrage at the unfairness of what had happened. He rescinded by unanimous consent the passage of the bill and the freshman Senator had his day. I don't remember the outcome, but it didn't matter; the opportunity was the victory. That freshman Senator, incidentally, was a Republican—he is still a Member of the Senate and he is here today.

He was our Ambassador to Japan during both the Carter and the Reagan Administrations, a post where he became in another great country what he was in our own—the most respected of leaders. Again he remained himself and redefined diplomacy. Early in his years as Ambassador, the American nuclear submarine *George Washington* violated the law of the seas. It surfaced and sank a Japanese vessel in Japanese waters, tragically causing loss of life, a most embarrassing and politically explosive incident. In a world where debate over words like regret, sorrow, excuse or apology can take weeks and months to be decided, at his own instigation and insistence, Ambassador Mansfield delivered a note of apology to the Japanese Foreign Minister. He asked, however, most uncharacteristically, that the TV cameras be permitted to remain in the room while he submitted the written apology. Again in character, actions over words, he bowed deeply below the waistline in presenting the official government position. As he knew, this symbol in the Japanese culture has great significance. The sincerity and depth of the apology was visually conveyed. That five seconds was played and replayed on Japan's TV stations many times over—obviously seen by everyone in Japan with a tele-

vision. The political issue ceased to exist. Again, few words—great action—achieved goal. I don't doubt that his 12 years in Tokyo were characterized with other telling examples.

In the last decade of his life, after he returned from Tokyo, I was blessed with the good fortune of becoming Mike Mansfield's good friend. We shared wonderful moments together and our almost daily visits were a ritual we both became addicted to. When the end came on Friday morning, I was filled with sadness for an irreplaceable loss, but full of gratitude for the friendship and love and the lessons on how to live.

At the hospital three days before he died, he was resting comfortably, his eyes closed. He had been informed the day before that he was on his final lap. I went to his bedside, and took his hand and quietly asked how he was doing. He opened his eyes, strained to focus, and said, "Oh, Charlie, how are you? A moment later, "What day is it?" Monday, I said. A short pause, and then, "How did our little giant do yesterday?" Knowing, of course, he was talking about Doug Flutie, I said he won. They're now 3-0. He smiled and said, "If they go 4-0, he should own the team."

It was as if this were a normal day, another visit, nothing unusual. In looking back, this final chat I believe was much more. He was not a man of idle gestures or wasted words. He knew the wheels were about to touch down. But like remaining in the background at joint press conferences, or bowing below the waist to the Foreign Minister or with a stern look repairing a parliamentary abuse, I believe he was conveying a message. That he was mentally comfortable and spiritually content; that he had no fear about what lay beyond the horizon. In effect, he remained a mentor to the very end—still more interested in giving comfort than seeking it—teaching again by example the final lesson of dying with serene dignity.

Now what we have left are indelible memories and his shining example. But how much more that is than most people, not just politicians, ever give. He left a deep imprint on the history he once taught and every person he ever met.

Mike has gone to Maureen. Together again with the love of his life. But he will always be with all of us who knew him—who were directed by his example, honored by his friendship—blessed by his life and appreciative of his love.

In the world where politics is so often so self-regarding and so many so self-absorbed, Boss, you set a different, higher standard. You tapped er light but left the deepest imprint.

There will never be another like you.

You will always be a part of my life.

#### VETERANS DAY

Mr. SPECTER. Madam President, Sunday is Veterans Day, a day dedicated to honoring the brave men and women who have served in the armed forces of this great Nation. Over 26 million men and women living today have answered their Nation's call to defend the ideals, values, and liberties we Americans hold dear.

This Sunday will mark the 63rd anniversary of the creation of the first official holiday honoring veterans who, like my father, Harry Specter, served in World War I. Unfortunately, it will also mark the 3-month anniversary of the horrific attacks of September 11, attacks which were directed at the

same ideals, values, and liberties millions of Americans have fought so bravely to defend. As ranking member of the Committee on Veterans' Affairs, I wish to express my deepest gratitude and appreciation to the veterans of wars past—and to those who are engaged today in fighting this new war against terrorism.

I am proud of what has been accomplished in Congress in recent years to honor America's veterans. We have expanded educational benefits, improved life insurance coverage, and opened new national cemeteries. And we have worked hard to increase funding for VA medical care. We intend to build on these accomplishments with further improvements in VA services and benefits. I thank my colleagues for their past support, and I urge them to continue in their steadfast support for veterans. Very few things we do here are more important.

Whereas Memorial Day is dedicated to remembering those who made the ultimate sacrifice for their country, Veterans Day is dedicated to acknowledging the commitment and devotion to duty millions of former soldiers, sailors, airmen, and marines made to this great Nation. Veterans are the best of America—people who, through sacrifice, dedication, and love of country, protected our freedoms, liberties, and way of life. This Sunday I ask every American to join me in honoring them. I also ask that we take a moment to acknowledge and thank the warriors of today who are the veterans of tomorrow.

#### ENHANCING SECURITY OF U.S. BORDERS

Mr. DEWINE. Madam President, as a member of the Judiciary Committee Subcommittee on Immigration; the Select Committee on Intelligence; and the Judiciary Committee Subcommittee on Technology, Terrorism, and Government Information, I am committed to improving the integrity of our immigration system. My positions on these committees also have given me an understanding of the unique interrelationship between immigration, national security, and law enforcement.

I am especially interested in border security issues. The tragic September 11 bombings have made it clear that we must improve our law enforcement and intelligence systems to enhance public safety and national security, particularly at our borders. I am pleased that two bills have been introduced to revise our immigration and visa system to enhance our border security. The chair and ranking member of the Immigration Subcommittee, Senators KENNEDY and BROWNBACK, introduced S. 1618, the "Enhanced Border Security Act." The chair and ranking member of the Technology and Terrorism Subcommittee, Senators FEINSTEIN and KYL, introduced S. 1627, the "Visa Entry Reform Act."